

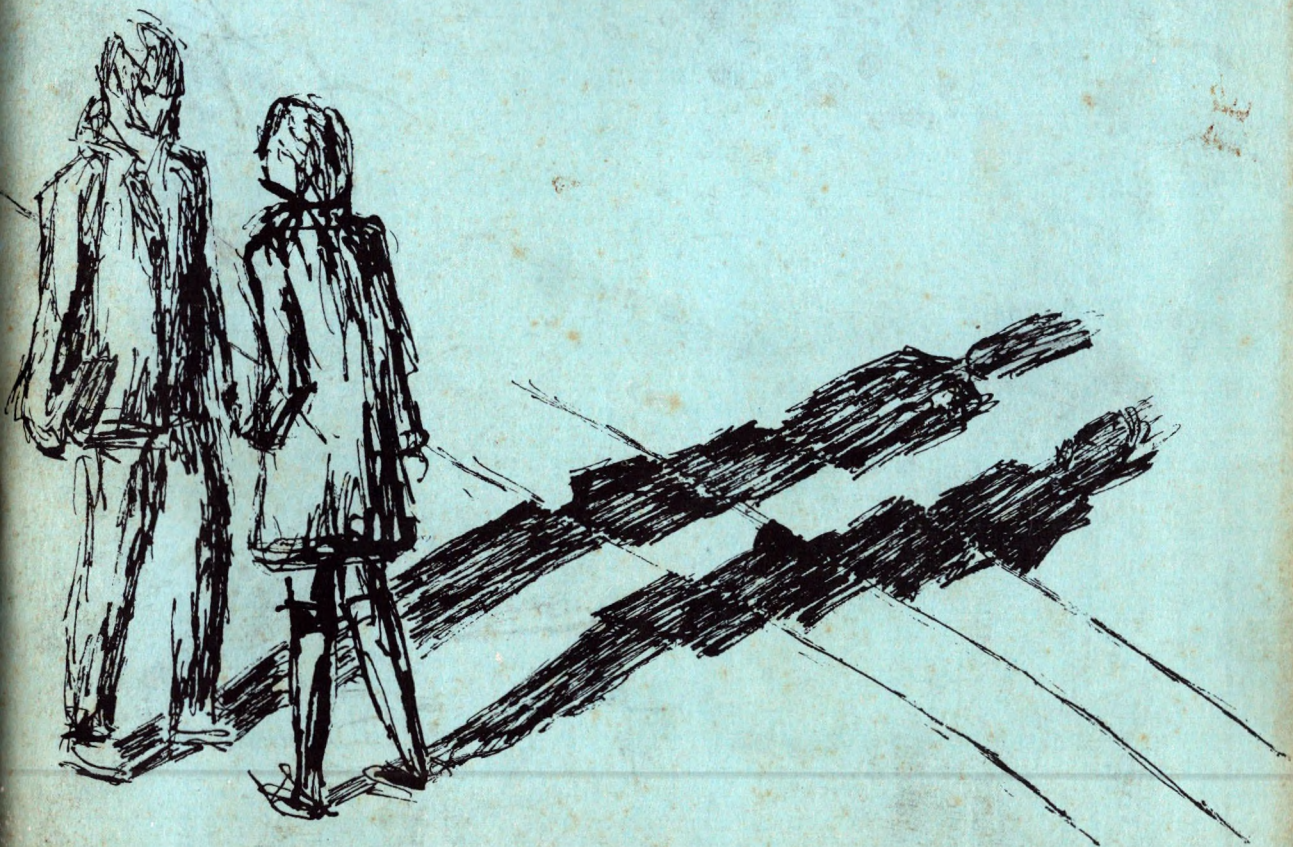
THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER 1967

Number 2

Volume LII



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and a
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New Year

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume LII

DECEMBER 1967

Number 2



Sandy Marsden

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DECEMBER 1967

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FROM SHADOWS AND SYMBOLS INTO THE TRUTH

*The epitaph for John Henry,
Cardinal Newman*

FOR SOME reason, men have always suspected shadows of harboring some fundamental truth about the object that casts them. An old radio program made use of this concept in its theme, "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows!" Certain characteristics give shadows the aura of an ever-present, all-knowing force. No matter how elusive or sluggish the object, there is always a shadow that will remain constantly with it, and it will project the object the way it is, showing it no mercy. Even on hazy days or extra dark nights when one thinks that he has escaped his shadow, he has only to walk under a light to discover his patient companion grinning up at him. Shadows are always there.

Philosophers have always attempted to draw a connection between shadows as truth and reality on a whole. For the most part they have failed, and for a good reason. (Despite what English teachers might say, truth and reality are not synonymous.) When a lady walks by a tree, pushing a baby carriage, her shadow shows a wierd two-legged, four-wheeled, antlered creature. This image, of course, is not real. But it is true in the sense that at this instant they are all one as far as our eyes are concerned.

In a way, shadows are not real at all. Physically, they are one of the few things in the world that are two dimensional,



have no thickness. All they are is the absence of light from a particular area. And yet, despite, or maybe because of this, men can identify with them. They are detached from the real world around



Susan Baran

them. They are caricatures of a pathetic humanity. It is in this basic role as a caricature, that shadows are able to give their insights into truth.

Shadows act out the drama of life forever in their detached and uninhibited manner. Through this, they bridge the gap between truth and reality. People have mistaken them as symbols of what has happened or what is to come, but actually they are the present. Plato has theorized that, perhaps, what we consider reality is just the shadow of something greater. In his *The Republic* he talks of "human beings living in an underground den . . . Like ourselves . . . they see only their shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave."

Under the mid-day sun, shadows are forced to tell their knowledge meekly. But as dusk begins, they stretch themselves until they rule the night.

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SHADOWS OF HUMANITY

By David Low, '69

AS HIS ANCESTORS did yesterday and as his posterity will do tomorrow, mankind today casts long wicked shadows of hate, fear, suspicion, prejudice, war, and bigotry on his fellow man. Since time immemorial, man has been standing in the stigma of these shadows, wondering why they exist, blaming them on everything from the devil to the moon, but not quite realizing the shadows are of his own creation. However, even more distressing is that man knows the difference between good and evil and hence has a choice between them. A great pity then that evil emerged the victor over goodness . . . or did it?

Goodness along with love, happiness, and contentment are by no means dying, but, just the opposite, growing. Perhaps this is because of yet two more shadows, a different kind classified with virtue. These are the white shadows of FAITH and HOPE. Brought on to challenge the evil ones, they have become increasingly more important in the 20th century, where a single push of a button can generate a world holocaust unparalleled ever in the history of man.

Thus out of the need of necessity FAITH and HOPE have grown, but they are limited in scope. True, they are a stable force against the shadowy ills of humanity, but FAITH and HOPE alone cannot erase these ills. It is up to every man, woman, and child of any age to resolve this within himself by destroying his own dark shadows and taking that marvelous step into the full, golden, warmth of the sun.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

By Judy Wildman, '69

ALL STUDENTS of English, many of the high school level, are familiar with John Donne's famous words:

"No man is an island entire of itself,
Every man is a piece of the continent,
a part of the main."

Even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this poet of renown perceived the closeness of the human race and the unbreakable and indefinable ties that bind one human being to another.

One of the most natural instincts of man is to unite himself with his fellow creatures, to relate his actions to those of others, and to judge his standards by the morals and values of his contemporaries. Human beings need each other in order to survive.

Life is devoid of purpose when the individual chooses to segregate himself from the group. All the experiences of living become far richer and more meaningful when they can be shared and discussed with a companion. Often the whole adventure of life, the awareness of joy and despair, can become a fruitless existence, a monotonous burden, if shouldered alone. Yet man's close interrelationships and associations may become too severe and dangerous.

Occasionally it is said of someone that he lives in the shadow of his neighbor. While one may admire the talents and tastes of a friend and wish to emulate him, it is not always advantageous to adapt his manners to one's own personal life. One individual and a thousand replicas are of no value to the society or to the people of which it is composed. Our contemporary teen-age community tends



Jane Perlman

to reflect the evils created by such mass conformity and group concentration.

Learning and growing through associating with someone else can be a most pleasant experience, but it is indeed unfortunate when admiration turns into imitation and one becomes a mere shadow of his friend. One should not strive to be only a mark on the lawn, a mere shadow of one's peers, but rather a separate identity creating one's own marks and shadows and outlines with their distinct characteristics and features different from those of others.

Firelight

Flickering firelight
With slender shadows gaily
Dancing in the night

By Gregg Eason, '68

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Echo

A cold-shaped tone and nighttime's pet,
Strewn about in a silhouette.
Sneaking from the depths of nought,
Darkness, its friend, for whom it sought.
Bleak, obscure, and emitting fright,
Stalking upon any prey in sight.
And strangely enough, from 'ere it came,
It disappears to return the same.
Proceeding again—not to fail
By imprinting fear wherever it shall.

By Phyllis Tagliente, '70

Procrastination

Always is the wish
to do to be to have

There comes a time
to do to be to have

Yet no one does
who has to do to be

By Karen Coy, '68

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THERE'S A PLACE

By Stephen Chamberlain, '68

"ALL ABOARD," cried the conductor and slowly the train picked up speed and rumbled down the endless expanse of track ahead.

"Well, here I am at last," thought middle-aged Billy Stanford. "At last, the end of my worries for good."

He looked tall, a fact which was accentuated by his gaunt look and the fact that his belt was on the last notch. He looked as if neither he nor his clothes had been washed in weeks. His odor attested to that.

Alighting from the train at his destination, he was approached by a tall, dignified-looking gentleman in a chauffeur's uniform, looking quite out of place in this rural burg.

"Are you Mr. Stanford?" he politely inquired.

Stanford answered in the affirmative and the driver continued.

"I am Pitt and I was sent here to meet you by orders of Mr. Dean. We have been expecting you. If you will follow me, please."

Bill doggedly followed him to a beautiful black Cadillac limousine. Pitt held open the door for him and he settled comfortably in the air-conditioned interior.

"Here we are, sir," said Pitt as he drove up to an expansive, palatial mansion, surrounded by a sea of rolling hills covered with a thick layer of the greenest grass Stanford had ever seen.

"This," Bill thought happily, "will be the end of the ascetic life I have been leading and the beginning of a new one."

In back at the trunk he could hear Pitt muttering about people who have such heavy luggage as he struggled to remove Stanford's trunk which, by the way, was

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loaded with bricks to give the impression that he actually owned something.

Stanford followed Pitt through the seven foot high doors and the immense waiting room and then through a maze of over-decorated rooms until finally he was left before a thick oak and bronze door on which was a gold plate stating MANAGER—Mr. Dean, in old English lettering. He knocked and heard some muffled orders issued and footsteps running from beyond the door. He was then told to enter.

"Please come in, Mr. Stanford. We've been waiting for you. Did you enjoy your trip?"

Bill nodded and waited for the next question. For some reason, Bill immediately disliked this man. He was enormous, an easy three hundred and fifty pounds was his weight. The man emanated a feeling of cheerfulness and jolliness, but this was instantly dispelled as soon as you looked into his dear, cold, calculating eyes—eyes that should have belonged to a man-eating tiger or killer shark.

The man standing directly behind him was just as bizarre. He was about 6' 6", 250 pounds and built like a gorilla. He was just as bald as the fat man, but with a gold earring in his left ear. He looked awkward and uncomfortable in his flaming red Bermuda shorts and yellow and orange dickie.

"He looks like Mr. Clean in shorts," thought Bill.

He was about to laugh but stopped as he saw the hard, glazed look in the man's unwavering eyes, the look of a killer.

"We hope to make your stay as short and comfortable as possible," said the fat man. "I am George Dean, 'Fat Max' to my friends, owner and manager of this establishment which provides helpful assistance to anyone who wishes it. Of

course, you are entitled to all of our recreational facilities, and if you will please inform me or my associate (nodding to Mr. Clean), as to when you will wish to terminate your stay, we can adjust and make arrangements accordingly. We have a long waiting list and you were very fortunate to have called just when there was a cancellation," he concluded with an ugly smile.

Fat Max seemed to have run down, so Stanford thanked him and started to get up when the tall one quickly bent down and hurriedly said something in Fat's ear. He looked up and said, "Mr. Stanford, could you spare a few more moments for a mere triviality?"

"Yes, but why?" said Stanford.

"I accidentally forgot to tell you that, well, it seems that you are the 10,000th individual to seek out our services and I would like to celebrate this auspicious occasion with a toast to you."

After hearing this, Stanford burst into an explosive anger and shouted, "How can you joke about something as damn serious as this? Are you inhuman? Have you no feelings?"

After this explosive tirade, Stanford calmed down and looked up at Dean. The smile was gone and the coldness and cruelty that had formerly been in his eyes had now transmitted itself to the enormous entirety of his face.

He cleared his throat and scratched his three chins and in a gruff voice said, "Mr. Stanford, I do not enjoy nor tolerate this kind of emotional outburst and I—"

"Don't get on my back. Leave me alone," he shouted directly in the fat face. "Just leave me alone to die in peace."

Dean's face broke into an unfriendly twisted grin and ordered his associate to take Stanford to his room. Then Dean

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swiveled his chair and sat looking out the window.

"Room Service? Please send up a cup of black coffee and a piece of lemon pie to room 102." "Boy, that'll sure hit the spot," he thought. Ever since his episode with the Manager, he had lost his appetite for the rest of the day, but now hunger had come upon him.

Then came a knock on the door and a voice outside said, "Room Service". Bill opened the door and in came a waiter, with that all-knowing smile the staff had been giving all afternoon, no matter where he was. The man left and as Stanford was closing the door he heard soft laughter as if someone had heard a very funny joke and was trying to stifle a laugh.

Just then Stanford knew it was his time, his turn—the inevitable. "This is what I wanted," he thought. This he knew as he slowly drank the coffee, the coffee that had the ever so faint aroma of almonds. Yes, this *is* what he wanted.

The Shades from the Past

Hounding close upon meek heels
The sinister shadows follow;
Now reformed the new man walks
Into the unbarred world.

Bright lights illuminate his path
While darkness blurs his progress
That suspicion seeks to hinder
With the unfounded words of men.

Scarred and mocked the pious man
Wanes and withers from vitality
As he lives again the guilt he lost
Until oncoming generations make him
free.

By Jennifer Douglas, '70



Pat Hall

Butterfly

Catch a butterfly,
A lovely butterfly.
Hold it in your hand
If you understand
The reason why,
And it will never die.

Catch a butterfly,
A lovely butterfly.
Keep it in a jar,
Watch it from afar.
You'll want to cry,
'Cause it will never fly.

Watch a butterfly,
A lovely butterfly.
Watch it fly away,
While you are here to stay
And watch it fly.
Not one word of good-by.

Think of Butterfly,
That lovely butterfly,
Of what you could have done.
Think of all the fun
That's passed you by.
Now's the time to cry.

By Robert Duda, '70

'68 YEAR OF THE ELEPHANT

By R. Carter Terenzini, '68

THE YEAR WAS 1964 and the place, the Cow Palace in San Francisco. The occurrence was the nomination of Barry Goldwater for president and the Republican party's courting of death. The campaign was political suicide. Republicans, Democrats and even Barry himself helped cut his throat. The year of '64 was also one of birth. It gave rise to a hardy group known as Goldwaterites. This is the group that may control the nomination of '68.

Other articles have been and will be written on the election of '68. I believe that 1968 will be the year of the elephant. The Republican slate will take the presidency in a squeaker of an election. Who will be the GOP's candidate? Let's first consider the possibilities. Nixon, Romney, Rockefeller, Reagan and Percy of Illinois. I have formed what I believe to be an accurate conclusion, but shall keep you in suspense.

Polls show Rockefeller strongest against LBJ. However, he couldn't get the nomination easily even if he changes and wants it. He helped slit Mr. Goldwater's throat and this is not easily forgotten. Romney is approximately 16% behind President Johnson. He also is rated fourth among nominee contenders. The reason is a dislike for his characteristic of being wishy-washy (no pun intended). He can't seem to decide what to say and when he does it's wrong. He was definitely hurt by his brain-washing statement. Every citizen in this country is subject to the same government propaganda. Why didn't he just say he changed his mind? He also is disliked by



Sandy Marsden

Snowflake

Crystal loneliness,
Mortality's own design
Of life's tedium.

By Sallie Allison, '68

Clouds

The clouds whisper by
As thoughts passing through our minds,
Never to return.

By Robyn Bagley, '68

Thunderclouds

The pleasant time of smiles
Is lost in passing space.
Sunshine flees for miles;
Grey depression takes its place.

By Jean Komuniecki, '68

the Goldwaterites. Percy hasn't had enough national exposure. Reagan is unacceptable to the liberals as top man and isn't experienced enough. Who is left? Richard M. Nixon. He has the support of the Goldwaterites. He has backing among all factions of the GOP, is even with LBJ, and seems to be on a campaign that will shadow his "loser" tag. He barely lost to JFK (100,000 votes) and is looking strong against LBJ. Now, you've seen the presidential candidate, but that's only half. We now need a balanced ticket. Nixon is a moderate liberal with Eastern ties.

Ronald Reagan will be the GOP's vice presidential candidate. He's from the West, is a conservative, has a large national drawing, and is acceptable to party factions. John V. Lindsay, Ed Brooke and Percy will not balance the

ticket. Reagan is considered a third place threat to LBJ and the third contender for the nomination.

Nixon and Reagan balance. Both are acceptable to party factions. East and West, liberal and conservative, and national exposure are all here. They are first and third in running position and look to be the best threat to LBJ. The Republican convention of 1968 will nominate Nixon and Reagan to oppose LBJ and —. Hey, what is that guy's name, anyway? In November of 1968 the people will vote the Republican slate into office by approximately 25 electoral votes. Oh yes, to those of you who thought Barry Goldwater would start a war and chaos. To those of you who believed the words of LBJ in the campaign of '64. I TOLD YOU SO! Vive the GOP.

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BIGGER AND BETTER

By David Furlano, '68

HASN'T IT SUDDENLY occurred to you that as a fun-loving seven-teen-year-old, you have violated rule number one of "How to be Part of the Normal Norm"? If it hasn't, go to the nearest babbling brook, sit on the bank, and, with a breadstick in each hand, meditate on the consequences of St. Louis, Missouri, as the center of the universe. Besides the strange feeling that someone is giggling at you, you should sense something very unique. Realizing that you are totally alone (except of course for the gigglers in the bushes) and that you are so small against the world will soon present a sudden shock.

Congratulations, you're now part of the club. You've entered the twilight known as Worry. Now, since you have

the swing of Worry, you are entitled to walk around speaking in proud tones that you have felt the sweat on the hairline and the shiver around the waistline. It is no longer up to you to have the fun of children: your fun must be the sport made popular by older persons. You are now to be totally immersed by others in every phase into the trouble of Worry. People, especially aunts who have a heart stoppage every time they see how much you've grown at parties, will be aware of the new look in your eyes—the look that clearly points you out as a Worry veteran. Persons that you meet on the streets will leap back into the gutters when they see the worry on your face. Bullies will no longer order you to stop ogling their girls. And best of all, dearest



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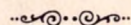
However, sitting there a bit longer will convince you that there are duties that come with all these privileges. You must now realize that you are to worry about so many things. That the whooping crane population is down should give an exciting problem. The seriousness of this alone will drive many to suicide, forcing others to go as far as burning their Audubon prints. The far reaching effects of inflation in Kabul might even cause the sidewalk in front of your house to buckle. What if a massive meteor in the shape of Liberace's swimming pool were to hurtle itself on you, then it was discovered that your school insurance doesn't cover this accident? The supreme worry should appear: What should the color of the satin of your coffin be? Surely you would not wish to look like a miser, or be totally *gauche* about the whole affair, or be an embarrassment to the family.

At this point, you will give up (assuming you are no strange masochist) and throw the rotten breadsticks into the rotten bushes or at the rotten gigglers in the bushes.

To those who have finally joined the cult that worships Worry, let me say, "Welcome to the sanitorium, funny little pessimist."

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Paul Decelles

Dusk

Ever present are the ominous shadows of black dominating the forest within. Cool is the whistling wind in the night as it rustles the leaves and makes the trees whine with anguish. Clear are the Heavens above sprinkled with occasional celestial clusters, contrasted against the eery dark earth below.

By Abbie Ziskind, '68

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Dyane Laurin

Love

It plays on the soul
Stinging with moon beams, stars, heat.
The sun beats kinder.

By Brenna Lauzin, '68

Loneliness

What is loneliness?

Is it reaching for the shimmering night diamonds in the black sky and feeling nothing but endless air?

or

Is it listening to a train passing you by—headed perhaps toward a world of no return?

or

Is it walking in solitude, in the darkness, with only the invisible as companions?

Loneliness is like a phantom

We know not how or why;

It can leave us standing deep in thought

It can break our hearts and make us cry.

This self-inflicted phenomenon

Is impartial in every way,

For in either light or heavy doses

It is fed to someone, each day.

By Abbie Ziskind, '68

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When most of us go home at 12:30 there is one group (besides the sophomores!) that remains diligently at work. In the east wing of the basement and across the street at the annex, the vocational unit stays in session for several more hours. Besides the basics of English and the like, these boys are learning the mechanical knowledge that keeps this country running smoothly. These pictures depict a few of the skills they acquire such as the use of a printing press and the art of welding. A tremendous amount of technical knowledge is necessary to operate, repair, and build the machines of this mechanical age and it is to the vocational students of today that we must look for the smooth operation of an even more advanced tomorrow.



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SCHOOL NOTES

If you could change one thing in the school what would it be?

Ned Dripps—I would increase the time limit for changing from third period to fourth so that students would have time to go to their lockers. With this increase in the time limit, students would only have to carry books for three periods at a time.

Brian Touley—I would change the rule of calling up your parents when you are absent.

Linda Rapkowitz—I think girls should be allowed to compete with other schools in sports such as, field hockey, basketball, and volleyball.

Pat Hogan—I would get Mr. Robert's moustache back.

Nancy Curley—Supply the cafeteria with enough food to feed the students.

Barb Briggs—(needless to say, this was a commonly expressed opinion.) I would have the sophomores, juniors, and seniors all attend school during the same hours. They would also be able to participate in the same activities.

Tom Allen—There should be more love life allowed.

Carol Vandergrift—I feel a big improvement at P.H.S. would be to install a club period between the two sessions. This would allow all band members to meet together without missing a period and would give sophomores a chance to go to meetings without having to hurry to get to homeroom.

Randy Rocca—Girls, there should be more true blondes.

Sophomores as a whole—We would like to change the attitude of the juniors and seniors towards us. They say we are overly enthusiastic because we are eager to join things, but if we aren't eager we get left out completely. Anyway, what is wrong with wanting to be a part of your school?

This year seems to be quite the year for girls' sports. Any junior or senior girl may be seen running around with bags filled with the appropriate clothes for just about any sport. With field hockey ended, many girls are trying their luck at volleyball, and if volleyball isn't their dish, they will be out on the courts playing basketball.

Girls' Sports do not end in school. If anyone is in doubt, just let him take a ride down to South Junior High any Sunday afternoon, and he will see the girls' side of a football game. To the girls, the game is lots of fun, and gives a display of great coordination and talent; to the boys who look on, it seems to be quite amusing. Of course, not to be out-done by the boys, the girls of P.H.S. do not play touch football, but, would you believe, tackle?

This display of sports-mindedness in the girls is very strong and you never know what they might be doing next; maybe track, maybe wrestling(?); who knows! This sudden interest in sports has not only grown, but has become a necessity for each girl in order to become fit and "healthy", well, that's not counting the bruises and fractured bones.

By Jean Rocheleau, '68

Talking Yes Virginia Blues

There's a roly-poly
Red-and-white man
(The little rosy-cheeked beatnik)
Who makes funny noises
As he plots to change the calendar.
Scheming on the street corner
He enlists his public
Far better than the run-of-the-mill
orator.

Every child's mommy listens as he
Gargles "Yo ho ho
And a MERREEEE CHRRIST-
MAAAAAS!"

Whips off a cobweb
With his floppy felt cap
Scrabbles up my leg and,
Hanging by his knees from my belt-loop,
Picks my pocket.
I'll try to tell him
I'm out of my mind
But he'll just cackle,
Bite my fingers,
Ring his little silver bell,
Pull his big red kettle down over my eyes
And be off.

"KID BRUTALITY!!!"

I long to shout
But I am fated
Only to drown
In yards of tinsel heaped writhing in the
aisle

When all I really want
Is my Halloween mask . . .

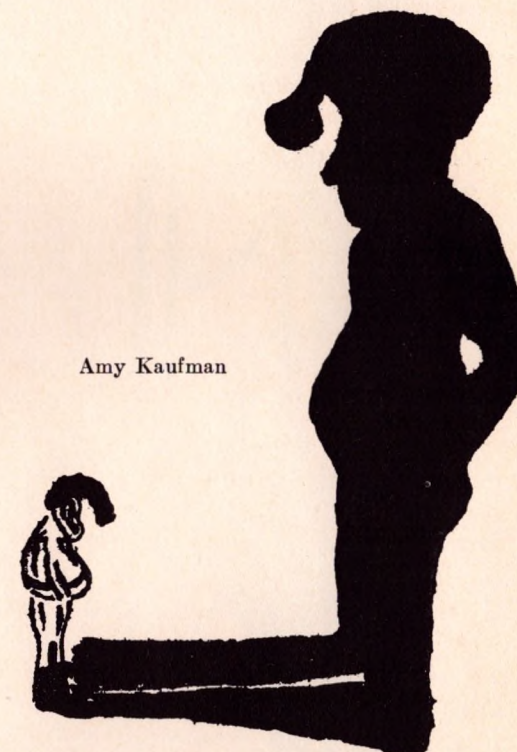
By Jane Salata, '68

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the arts column

CHANCE, SHADOW, DESIGN

How often have you noticed beauty in the arrangement of flowers whose seeds have been accidentally planted by the wind, or the designs overlapping rocks make on a mountain side? The beauty you saw was not preconceived, no one intellectually thought the arrangement out and yet it is pleasing to look at.

Hans Arp, French painter, sculptor, poet, and one of the founders of the Dada movement, believes in this antiscientific approach to design. One of Arp's designs, *Objects Arranged According to the Law of Chance, or Navels*, is a varnished wood relief and was a result of scattering materials without a conceived picture of the outcome. He simply dropped the objects leaving the design to chance. What makes this even more unique is the part nature again plays in this design. By playing on the dimensions of the wooden ovular shapes, the sun casts shadows which enhance the design. As the sun moves the shadows will shift also, creating a new and unique design image. Depending on nature has created this piece of art. Hans Arp has been an inspiration to many artists, freeing them from the bonds of established concepts and rules. His method has given a free chance for the inventiveness and potential of an artist to appear. *Navels* is one of his more exciting works because of the simplicity and beauty achieved by the natural shapes; their shadows.

By Nancy Bookless, '68



Jane Perlman

PRIVILEGE

Any of you who saw the movie *Privilege*, I hope you realize the magnitude of the message it conveyed.

For those of you who unfortunately missed it . . . a little background. The time is the near future. England is now under a coalition government, having done away with the queen and Parliament. For reasons of efficiency, the government is trying to subdue all uncalled for fads and factions. The old idea of the opportunity for education and independent advancement had been proven dangerous by past wars, revolutions and dictatorships. Consequently, the new leaders feel that the only way to keep the people happy and to keep them from annihilating themselves is to control them morally and intellectually.

Paul Jones, a pop star in his own right, portrays a very sensitive rock 'n roll star, commanding the greatest following in history, who is, against his better judgment, controlled by commercial and ecclesiastical forces for the purpose of also controlling the actions and thoughts of the masses. But being a rather unstable and weak person, the singer Steven Shorter cannot break away by himself.

Enter Vanessa Richie, played by Jean Shrimpton. Vanessa, herself a very quiet and gentle person finally gives Steven the strength to rebel.

The conclusion, nevertheless, is more than slightly reminiscent of *Animal Farm* and 1984. Naturally, your first reaction, after recovering from shock, is one of slight indignance . . . "of course it will never happen" . . . we hope.

I strongly recommend everyone to see *Privilege* somehow; it may very well be one of the most important and controversial films of this decade.

By Julie Dubro, '68



Terri Metropole

Silhouette

The grayish figure, so tall and thin,
Moves along the earth, within.
The sunshine casts streams of light
Upon the outline black as night.
The shape is exaggerated out of proportion,
Like some kind of being in a wild contortion.

By Marti Strattner, '69

FEATURES

Casey's Column

Since you all so thoroughly enjoyed my last column, I thought I'd make this one even longer and better. You know, of course, that it is impossible to hide from my ever watchful eye. I give mercy to no one so don't think you've got an "in" with me . . . Billy Farr, how is life as a "Bingle Lancer" . . . Jean K., are you and Ronnie Bond *just* friends? . . . Sue Kendall won the milkshake battle at McDonald's with the help of company . . . Mike Toomey has taken the role of the cafeteria's human vacuum cleaner . . . Dennis H., what kind of bells did you say you and C. Bannick were ringing at the Victory Dance? . . . Tom Ryan, don't you wear shoes and socks to football games? . . . Donna, that was a *silly* place to leave your hat . . . Gale, that last letter you wrote was quite nasty and has become a *target* for many of the college boys' criticisms . . . Debbie Chase and Cheryl Bond, what's the name of that gay tune that you sing in gym? . . . have you been scared by any tigers lately, Leslie A.? . . . how long will Mark and Jill last? . . . at Halloween, P.H.S. had its own Pumpkinhead. Could it have been Rog Hartwell? . . . Norm Sosin wears his pink "zaggit" shirt every Thursday without fail . . . Louis Hajjar, I've heard that the favorite pastime of some P.H.S. students is looking for graveyards . . . the junior girls are following the cool senior girls, right saddle shoe fans . . . Jean Rocheleau, ham *is* salty . . . Janice Carnevale, whatever IS your act . . . I saw an odd thing after the Wahconah game: 6 kids were in Park Square eating grinders,

at midnight? . . . for a while during the football season, I couldn't figure out where Mrs. Forino got such a large family so quickly . . . Bob Hickey, it seems, attributes his success in soccer to his tongue—we saw him in the *Eagle* a while ago displaying it . . . if anybody sees J.C., be sure to tell Steve Barry . . . is it true, Chris, that you're thinking of putting a Locke on a certain football player? . . . Jeannie B. is up in the air over a college sky diver . . . Jan Harrington has been walking around places lately. Who owns the white convertible she's been looking for? . . . "Twiddle" has been signed for a guest appearance on the *Smothers' Brothers Comedy Hour*. Pat Paulson is getting worried . . . congratulations to the football team for being hired by *Vogue* as professional modeling escorts . . . don't worry, Jeff and Phil, there are 7 more J.V. cheerleaders to go . . . some Cadettes have dates with Holy Cross boys that just may get them into some hot water . . . sitting in the bleachers at a football game can be more hazardous than being on the field, right, Terry? . . . Mark Mitchell seems to be getting into trouble with his "eagle eye", doesn't he, Joe C? . . . beware of Curls, alias the "Purse Snatcher."

Well, folks, that just about wraps up the news for now. Speaking of news, that last trip to the U.N. was so-o-o educational and very fulfilling and refreshing. Ask any one of the prominent guys around the school for the whole story. Don't forget! You'd better be good 'cause both Santa *and* I will be watching you now.

Sean O'Casey

Christmas Wishes

With Christmas right around the corner, everyone has his own special wish. Santa knows these wishes without having to ask the kids themselves. He sent this list to P.H.S. so that we can all know what our friends want.

Patty Curd—a boy 6-feet tall
Jim Bagdonas—unfall-utable contact lenses
Barb Brown—the man with all the money at P.H.S.
Chris Locke—a lifetime subscription to the *Farmer's Almanac*
Billy Farr—contract and \$50,000 bonus with the Green Bay Packers
Mary Beth Phair—a copy of "I Want to Be Bobby's Girl"
Eileen McInerney and Mary Kappenman—a cure for blushing
Barry Clark—new harmonica
Bill Michaels—new check-out route
Patty Gifford—Eddie home for good
Bill Riegal—a pair of Head 360's and a *she* instructor
Mindi Weeks—a mirror in every class
Karen Salzarulo—to become a ski bum
Dan Scace—more bridges to hide under
John Robertson—Arthur Murray dance lessons
Nancy Curley—the HULK
Dale Phelps—a lot more POWER
Soccer Guys—bigger bleachers at their games
Class of '68—acceptances at the college of their choice for everyone
Leslie Stickles—Tom Garvey in her Christmas stocking
Anne Hill—a sweater that fits
Kathy Frahm—her parents
Tag Taginski—a new voice so the Echo Cheer will be even louder
Mr. Slayter—a zebra striped jacket and matching motorcycle
Mr. Fazio—a pair of saddle shoes in his stocking

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New Year's Resolutions

Barb Huban—to get enough courage to ask a boy to the G.A.A.

Mary Gigliotti—to think up some new Pollack jokes to get back at Anne Rainka's Italian jokes

Nancy Curley—to take a Charles Atlas course

Gale Lefkowitz—to chase only five boys at a time

Frank Schultz—to ski only when there's snow

Donna Walsh—to take my foot out of my mouth

Paul Metallo—to try not to brag too much

Kay O'Brien—not to talk French in Spanish class and vice versa

Eileen Zimba—to start brushing my teeth with *Ultra-Brite*

Rosa Balardina—to stop eating

Barb Rutka—to grow my hair so I can wear purple ribbons

Melinda Hackner—to change my name legally to Mindy

Hedy Fischel—to appreciate the sophomores more

Jan Hospod—to get back at St. Joe for wrecking the Cadettes

Mr. Biron—to get a muzzle for John Loveless

Charley Sacchetti—not to steal any more street signs

David Marchetto—to turn over last year's turned over leaves

Jane Schermerhorn—to start working

Jan Harrington—to pass chemistry

Cathy Nickum—to stop writing notes

Dan Dastoli—to last all six periods without falling asleep

Jokes

Radio Announcer: After finding out the results of the city election, was there anyone you wished to have elected who wasn't?

Ned D.: Yes, there were three special people. Harry Parslow, Squeeze Ogoriki and Audie Gaylord.

Bob G.: How'd you get the flat tire?

Ken S.: I ran over a milk bottle.

Bob G.: Didn't you see it?

Ken S.: No, the stupid kid had it in his pocket.

Bill: How did you do on the English grammar test?

Pete: I done good. I only made one mistake and I seen that as soon as I done it.

To discover whether an ostrich is a male or a female—tell it a joke.

If he laughs, it's a male.

If she laughs, it's a female.

Mr. Blowe: What is the most outstanding product that chemistry has given to the world?

Diane L.: Blondes.

Once upon a time, there were two worms. One was a lazy worm and slept all day. The next worm was energetic and vivacious and was up early every morning.

Well, the early bird got the early worm and a fisherman, looking for night crawlers, got the lazy worm.

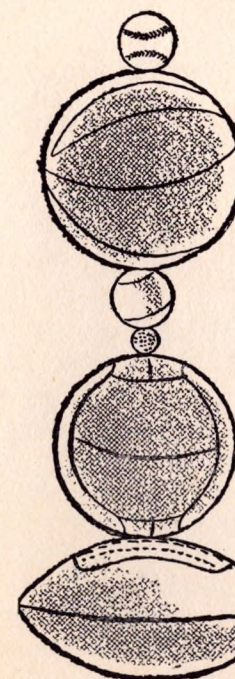
The moral of the story, kiddies, is that you can't win!

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LANGUAGES



Ellen Metropole

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omniscient
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mon esprit
depuis
que je decouvris
que je ne fais rien
pour commander le destin
du genre humain

by judy quillard, '68

For What It's Worth—Part I French Lesson

brume—what one uses to sweep the floor
abord—the state of being on a ship
soeur—a system of pipes that run underneath the street
accord—what one tries to play on a guitar (with great difficulty)
canne—a holder for beans, carrots, etc.
du—to perform
faire—a mark that corresponds to a "C"
baisses—a baseball diamond is made up of these
courant—up-to-date
terre—to rip
copie—what one HAS to do on tests
allo—what a typical Englishman might say to greet a typical American
bord—what one becomes after reading this

By Al Duda, '68

La Corridas de Toros

By Sandi Harris, '68

La corrida de toros es un deporte popular de Espana y Mexico. Por lo general, la dura toda una tarde.

La entrada de los toreros en la arena es uno de los numeros principales. A un lado hay los matadores que son los principales toreros. Luego vienen los banderilleros y los picadores, montados a caballos, y armadas con espadas. Tambien hay toreros, que hacen el trabajo con una capa. Cuando el toro entre en la arena, la corrida empieza.

Despues de hacer con su capa, el torero sale y el picador entra. Su tarea es herir los hombros del toro. Entonces el banderillo pone su dardo en la nuca del toro. Y el matador entra matar el toro. Coge su espada y la pone el corazon. Esta ultim aacion es "el momento de la verdad".

Ein Gutes Geschenk

By Susan Termohlen, '68

Es ist Weihnachten und draussen fallt der Schnee. Paul, der in Amerika wohnt, ist gekommen, um seine Verwandten in Deutschland zu besuchen. Er kam heute Nacht an. Er brachte Geschenke aus Amerika.

Fur seine Tante, Maria, hat er ein schones Paar Handschuhe. Fur seinen Onkel, Karl, kaufte er einen Wecker. Onkel verschlapt sich immer. Paul hat einen roten Ball fur seinen Vetter, Peter. Fur Kurt, der den selben Geburtstag wie Paul hat, kauft er ein Buch uber den zweiten Weltkrieg. Paul wusste, dass Kurt gern Kreige studiert.

Bald bekamen sie ihre Geschenke. Alles gefallt allen. Im Nu zieht Tante Maria die Handschuhe an, Onkel Karl zieht den Wecker auf, und Peter spielt mit dem Ball. Aber Kurt stand starr.

Paul fragte "Was ist los?"

"Nichts", sagte Kurt hoflich, "aber du hast mir ein englisches Buch gegeben und ich kann nur Deutsch verstehen!"



(Solution to last issue's Latin puzzle by A. Duda)

Et je le regardais, mon grand-pere. Il etait pale.

Et j'ai demande a ma mere, "Pourquoi ne dit-il pas 'Bonjour'?"

Et elle m'a dit "Il ne vous connait pas." Et je lui ai dit "Pourquoi pas, je le connais."

Et elle m'a dit "Il est tres malade."

Et je lui ai dit "Mais quand je suis malade, je vous connais."

Puis le vieux a murmure quelquechose, et a tourne la tete qui restait toujours sur l'oreiller. Il n'ouvrait pas les yeux.

Et j'ai dit "Qu' a-t-il dit?"

Et maman m'a dit "Rien"

Nous attendions

Et j'ai dit "Peut-il se bouger?"

Et elle m'a dit "Non".

Et j'ai dit "Mais pour —?"

Et ma mere a dit "Chut."

Et j'ai dit "Veut-il dormir?"

Et elle a dit "Oui"

Nous attendions

Tout d'un coup, ses yeux se sont ouverts tout grands; il nous a regardes a l'aveugle; il a ferme les yeux encore, et n'a plus bouger.

La chambre est devenue tres silencieuse.

Et j'ai dit "Maman, pourquoi pleurez-vous?"

Et elle ne m'a pas repondu.

Et grand-pere n'a pas repondu.

Et l'infirmiere n'a pas repondu.

Je me tenais debout en regardant la scene.

Et puis, moi aussi, j'ai pleure.

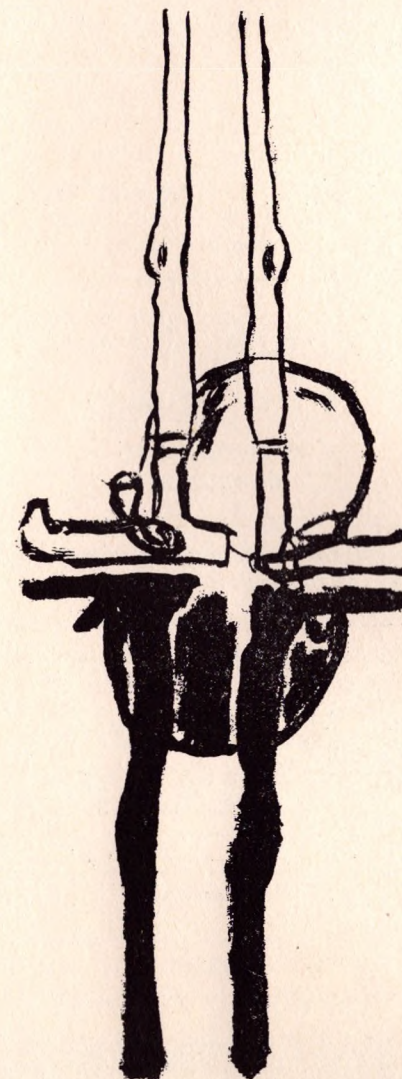
By Karen Coy, '68

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SPORTS



Ellen Metropole

Basketball

By Tom Sacchetti, '69

To the delight of many, the '67-'68 Basketball Season will open for Pittsfield High School on December 16th. Due to the late start in the season, this year the P.H.S. team will not have a Christmas

Tournament as it has had in the previous years.

Coach Moynihan, starting his tenth season at Pittsfield High, has decided to hopefully alter the playing technique of the team because of the lack of height of the players. It will have a different varied combination defense, which will be more spirited, more diversified. Also, this year, Coach Moynihan will be using more sophomores and juniors as active players so that in the next few years, they will not be lacking experience. Leon Kelly and William Hover are among the most promising sophomores.

One of the main hardships this year are Double Sessions. They not only affect the school academically but also sports-wise. Because of the Double Sessions, the basketball team is lacking continuity. As many of you sophomore football athletes may know, it's not very easy to go from twelve o'clock in the afternoon until eight o'clock in the evening without anything to eat. In fact, it's downright tough! By eight o'clock the sophomores are eight hours away from home, so one can't expect each boy's efficiency to be as great as that of which he is capable.

It's not very convenient for the juniors and seniors to return for practice at 5:30 p. m. either, especially for those who may have part time jobs. So you see, because of Double Sessions, the team is not working to its utmost capacity (through no fault of its own), and it's twice as difficult for everyone involved.

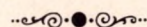
Another hindrance to the success of the team is the fact that there's no varsity basketball league for ninth graders. Therefore, sophomores have had no previous experience whatsoever, and this hurts the overall "feeding process" greatly. Coach Moynihan, along with other people, is trying to have this league established, so it may become a reality in the near future.

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Prominent candidates for this year, to mention a few are the co-captains Bob Kerwood and Mike Mougin, Dave Lushignan, and Jim Briggs among the seniors. Some strong junior aspirants are Rick Russo, Larry Daoust, Jim Bagdonas, Paul Phillips, and Tom Ryan.

Coach Moynihan feels that the favorites of the league, with the most returning veterans, will be St. Joe of Pittsfield, Adams, and Mt. Greylock Regional. With a most difficult and well-balanced league again this year, we are always looking to be a contender for the title, as is our basketball tradition.

Modern Dance Classes

By Kathleen Curd, '68

On Friday, November 3, some forty or fifty girls, arrayed in leotards ranging in color from shocking pink to chartreuse, showed up for the first class in modern dance taught by Miss Sally Holroyd.

Many of us were girls who, during our years in high school, had always managed to avoid strenuous sports—the chicken outfit. For us, this seemed to be the perfect class. We would get plenty of exercise without too much work. No such luck! Miss Holroyd began the class with a series of exercises to stretch and tighten our muscles. This she followed by a routine to music which utilized the muscles we were by now beginning to feel. The complete lesson took one hour, yielding forty sore, stiff girls. Our enthusiasm only slightly dampened, we are all ready and eager for our next lesson.

By the end of these classes we should all be ready to give Cyd Charise something to think about; we shall also have set Ben Gay ointment stock owners up for life.

Pete: What did you do with my shirt?

Mrs. N.: I sent it to the laundry.

Pete: Oh no! The whole history of the United States was on the cuffs.

Girls' Sophomore Gym Classes

By Mary Giansiracusa, '70

By Pam Chartier, '70

The gym classes this year differ from last only in the exercises which we are doing. Besides being more strenuous, or at least seeming to be, we are now doing more of the exercises with each gym class.

The activities in gym classes this year are much the same as last. For instance, now we are playing volleyball, next we will have basketball, followed by tumbling, all of which we did last year. As the year progresses we will be using the different types of apparatus available to us in the gym.

Our overall opinion is that the Gym Classes this year have been and will continue to be more exciting than they were last year. But then, almost everything about High School is more exciting than it was in Junior High.

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Out Went the Saints

Once again this year the P.H.S. football team "carried out" the inferior team from our city rival, St. Joe. The outsized Saints struggled valiantly like the Crusaders of Medieval times but their fate was sealed.

Though St. Joe waged a fine defensive battle in the first half, the line plunges of fullback Chris Pope, and halfbacks Tom Rilla and Dave Beck began to weaken the Crusader line. Then, after a 26-yard punt return by defensive back Paul Metallo and a 34-yard push by the offense, sophomore Dave Beck crashed over the right side of the line for the first score. Tom Barry added the point after, with 1:45 remaining in the first half.

Again in the second half, both defenses played with determination, but then, with less than 4 minutes remaining in the game, cornerback Dan "Trollman" Scace intercepted a pass on the Crusaders' 2-yard line. Tom Rilla carried the ball in for the TD on his second try, with the unerring toe of Tom Barry again adding the point.

The Generals weren't through with the Saints yet, however. After the P.H.S. kickoff St. Joe quarterback Bob Bordeau elected to go to the air but the General's outstanding star, Paul Metallo, was there. Paul took the ball on his 40-yard line and sped 60 yards untouched for the final tally. The final score: P.H.S., 21—St. Joe, 0.

After watching the unbeaten Generals trample the Crusaders, P.H.S. fans gathered behind the high school. From the noise they made there, it was pretty obvious to anyone within a 6-mile radius that the P.H.S. Generals were still NUMBER 1 after an unblemished league season.

By Dave Williams, '69

Support ALL of Your Teams

By Joe Lyons, '68

Of Pittsfield High's ten varsity sports only football, basketball, and to a lesser extent, baseball, receive the support from the student body that they deserve. It could be said of the others, however, that never have so many received such little recognition from so few. Excellent examples of this are found in the cases of the hockey, track, ski and swim teams.

Before the hockey team could draw respectable crowds it had to be in a fight for its division championship which, incidentally, it won. The track team has won the Western Mass. tournament for the past five straight years, but if many P.H.S. students are proud of this fine record, they haven't shown it by going to Clapp Park in the spring to see the meets. Last year the swimming team won the distinction of being the New England champions, but so far they have been sorely pressed to draw the number of spectators that their record deserves. The ski team tops off this list by being the winner of the Interscholastics tournament last year, and runner-up to the swim team in the field of non-support by students. Other teams, that may have not come out on top of their particular leagues, but who came close to this, are the wrestling team which came in second in the Western Mass. tourney and the soccer team which finished third in Berkshire County during a season which always gave exciting games. The newly-formed tennis team which suffered from a too short schedule of mainly strong prep school teams last year was also largely ignored by the student body. This year the team has a new schedule of twelve matches, and a strong team developed from last year promises an exciting and successful season this spring.

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lack of support is for more students to attend more games, and the equally obvious question this raises is How? A common practice for letting students know about the time and location of some of our sporting events, particularly football, basketball, and baseball, has been to write the information on the blackboards of all the home rooms a few days before the game. If this could be done for all our sports the attendance would certainly go up, because besides being uninterested in small sports at P.H.S., most students aren't even aware that they are being played on any given day or night. One thing which helped bolster lagging attendance and interest last year was the winter sports' rally that was held in mid-winter. In this rally, the players of all the winters sports' teams were introduced, and their coaches explained to the students different facts about their particular sports. If this rally could be repeated, once, or even several times during the year, attendance at these contests would increase greatly, to the advantage of the athletes, who deserve our support, and to the fans who would get a chance to see exciting contests which they may never have seen before.

The Chosen Nine

Forty girls may have recently been seen walking around very slowly because of muscles aching from cheerleading practice.

The two weeks of practice have ended, and the nine girls who were fortunate enough to hear their names read that afternoon over all the noise of cries and sobs, are our new junior varsity cheerleaders.

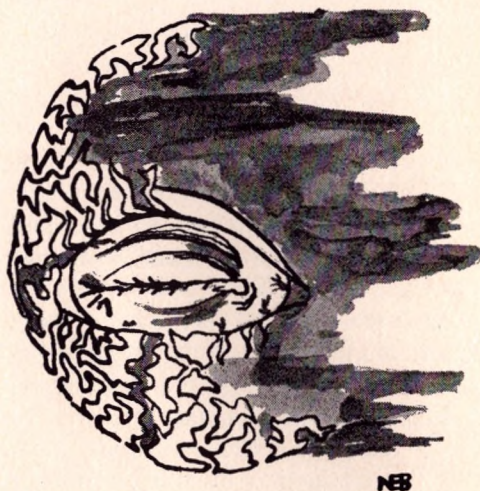
In the two weeks of practice, the girls learned four cheers which they would be judged on at the tryouts. Each girl tried her hardest, at practice and at tryouts.

The sophomore girls can now look forward to all the practice sessions.

uncompromising

shut deaf eyes tightly
or stare into loud lights, but
ignore mute shadows

by judy quillard, '68



Death of a Shadow

I, alone, protected by four strong walls
Sit without the comfort or voice or song.
Soon I find my companion traced from
the sunlight streams
Black, and bold, placed there in the
image of my own.

What makes my friend and I differ so?
Why aren't we alike?
While he can grow in size in an instant
Only I can expand in the recesses of the
mind.

Darkness enters swiftly through my window
As night creeps slowly on the world
Again I am alone—my friend had faded
gone
And I am left to contemplate my own
passing.

By Linda Rotti, '68

THE UNACKNOWLEDGED INNER SELF OF MR. MEAD

By John Stow, '70



Susan Judd

He suddenly senses a slight unintended movement behind him, but as he glances into the dark he detects no motion. But then the click of his cane echoes back to him and he whirls around and demands of the defiant dark, "Who is there?" His ears await the yielding reply and his eyes watch for the submissive surrender, but his voice just fades into the unhumbled air.

He quickens his pace as he feels the steady, increasing pounding of his heart echo back to him. Upon reaching the edge of the park, he peers back into the now tranquil park and, seeing nothing, he laughs at his childish fears.

Now out of the park, he begins to stroll in a relieved state of mind. The air has cleared of smog by the rain and he inhales the pureness, regaining his senses.

But now the pursuer is back. Stalked like a frightened animal, he slips into a brightly lit diner. His eyes try to pry into the darkness but all he sees is his reflection in the window. His wide-opened eyes reveal his inner terror and his mouth is twisted with fear.

He gazes with disbelief at the customers, all laughing and talking, all unaware of the evil lurking outside. He no longer feels security in the diner but instead imprisonment. A maddening thought of escape twists through his tormented mind. He bursts from the diner; his enemy gives chase. Fleeing down the streets he senses the maze he is trapped in. He realizes his fruitless running and so he slows down, knowing his shadow will surely overtake him soon.

IT IS AFTER dark; the sun has long been swallowed by the overhanging oppressiveness of the clouds and the air has been drenched by the incessant drizzling of the day. An occasional gust sweeps the leaves from the ground and scatters them in the air.

The high-pitched clicking on the sidewalk of Mr. Mead's cane pierces the foreboding atmosphere; he presses on through the blackness of the park, guided by his cane and his acute hearing.

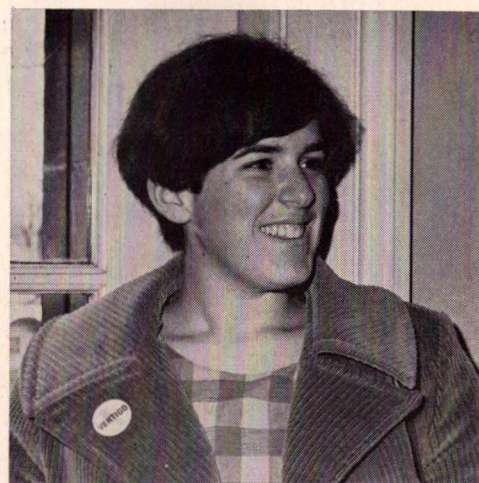
**WAYNE CIEPIELA**

P.H.S. has had a very successful football season this year, led by our capable co-captain, Wayne Ciepiela. Playing as a powerful line-backer, Wayne has shown promise since his sophomore year. A student in the C.P. technical course, he plans to attend college after graduation and, we hope, play more football.

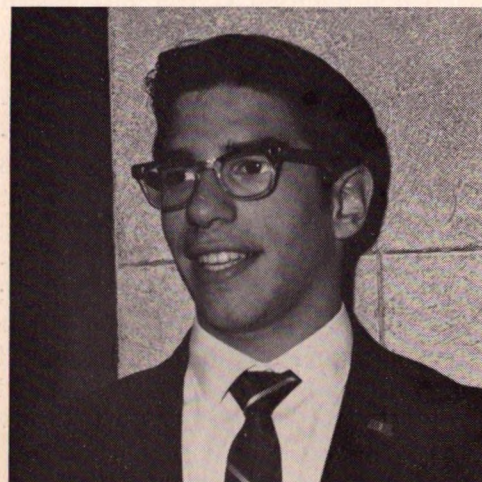
Who's Who

JULIE DUBRO

One of the very able associate editors of *The Student's Pen* is Julie Dubro. Julie is a college preparatory student with Honors in English. A member of the GAA, Julie also is a member of the Writers' and Illustrators' Club where her literary ability is quite evident. A major in foreign languages with a possible career in translating is the outlook Julie has for her future. She would like to pursue her college education at Smith.

**DAVID MARCHETTO**

A familiar and friendly face about our hallowed halls is David Marchetto. Dave, our newly-elected senior class president, is a busy and capable leader. While taking Advanced Placement European History, Dave also manages to participate in extra-curricular activities including soccer, the school orchestra, in which he plays the string bass, and the swim team of which he is co-captain. He is undecided on his college plans, but hopes to major in Biology and pursue a career in medicine. With many plans and with his devotion to the senior class, Dave is sure to do an excellent job in making the senior class the best ever!

**DAWN SPANIOL**

The hard-working and enthusiastic Co-editor of the *Dome* is Dawn Spaniol. Even though most of her time is spent working on the yearbook, Dawn still has time to be a member of the GAA, Pep Club, and the Girls' Club Senior Leaders. As a C.P. credit list student, with courses in A.P. English, French 5, and Spanish 3, Dawn's plans for the future include attending Framingham State College where she hopes to emphasize courses in Spanish.

**FRANK SCHULTZ**

Recently elections were held in the Student Council and Frank Schultz was chosen a willing and able president. This is Frank's second year on the Council. Many of you know him as quarterback on Pittsfield High's great football team, but he is also a key member of both the P.H.S. and Legion baseball teams. Frank is in Tech and belongs to the JETS. He is also a homeroom representative and co-chairman of the Senior Banquet. You may see him flying planes, or schussing down the ski slopes.

Next year Frank would like to attend either Notre Dame or Fairfield University to major in physics or engineering.

**ADELE BOISON**

The new co-editor of our 1968 yearbook is Adele Boison. Along with her other half, Dawn Spaniol, and Mr. Voci, the *Dome* advisor, she has ahead of her a lot of hard work and responsibilities to be fulfilled. For the last two years of high school, she has been on the Honor Roll and this year received a Letter of Commendation from the National Merit Scholastic Board. In addition to attaining these commendable achievements, she manages to carry A.P. English and to hold a job at the Berkshire Athenaeum where she works in the Children's Room.



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PLOWER POWER

By James Fulginiti, '68

NOW THAT THE cold is upon us, little thought is given to next year's spring. In order that we may be assured a colorful April and May, bulbs should be planted and the soil should be fertilized before December 24 at 5:00 P. M., at which time there will be only thirty minutes left to complete Christmas shopping, and the duty of caring for tulips will obviously be forgotten. Drawing from my vast knowledge of agriculture, horticulture, and Doris Kulteur (the girl down the street), I shall endeavor to instruct those who wish to beautify America, in ways other than by pasting posters of Edgar Buchanan on stop signs.

To ensure soil in which bulblings can survive, care must be taken in the choosing of fertilizers. For this end, the method used by the Eskimos of Racine, Wisconsin, before the glacier retreated which forced them to head northward, is most beneficial. It uses the carcass of one, large dead yak (not to be confused with the carcass of one, large live yak), six pomegranates, and four and three-fourths ounces of soy sauce. If yaks are not in season, the carcasses of two medium, parboiled zebus may be substituted. With the yak and soy sauce in the middle and the pomegranates on each corner, fold the opposite ends of a 107' x 622' square sheet toward the center. Secure the remaining loose ends with a heavy nylon thread. By now, the yak, soy sauce, and pomegranates should be enclosed by the sheet. Now, with careful lifting, suspend the sack from a hook in the garage, so that it may swing freely. If within four months the mixture fails to ferment, bury it immediately in the Dalton Dump, which was described by

Julius C. Quagmire as "... looking like heck!" (Obviously, these are not Mr. Quagmire's exact words.) If the mixture does ferment, then bury it anyway because the Dalton Dump needs it more than you do.

Horse manure also makes a good fertilizer. On the qualities of horse manure, Callard D. Abdul-aziz in his *1001 Ways to use Horse Manure in the Kitchen* said, "The stench of manure can be superseded only by that of my mother's braised gall bladder." Whether or not Abdul-aziz's mother restricted herself to the cooking of her gall bladder is highly doubtful, since the only picture we have of her today consists of one ear, her right lung, four large molars, and assorted left toes. It is clear that she really loved herself. Horse manure, though, is most effective when used around lillies, pansies, petunias, and morning glories. Although these will not be too fragrant, we can be assured that at least they will taste better than Mrs. Abdul-aziz's gall bladder—especially the morning glories, which are known for their medicinal value.

If for some reason there is a shortage of yaks or horses, feel free to use ewe sweat. This can be obtained from any ewe on June 30 at 6:20 P. M. or on February 2 at 1:37 A. M., whichever is more convenient. "The more ewe sweat, the more ewe stink," as the saying goes.

Now that your soil is sufficiently enriched, you can proceed with the planting of bulbs. For explicit instructions for the sowing and injecting of bulbs with alcohol to prevent freezing, see Gertrude Hiakawa's *How to Plow Tulip Bulbs*.

With this completed, you can relax, knowing full well that by the time your bulbs and dirt are declared condemned by the Food and Drug Administration, you can be in New York City pushing your newly-grown morning glories and drunken tulips.

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COSMETICS

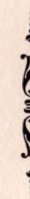
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Wey
'68

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ALUMNI

Miss Elaine Giftos, a 1960 graduate of P.H.S., now works in New York City as an actress and a dancer.

"Since leaving P.H.S. I can truthfully say that my career has been both active and eventful, as well as varied. I started as a ballet dancer with a N. Y. ballet company soon after I arrived in New York. From there I went into fashion modeling, signing with Rice McHugh Model Agency. I must admit that modeling has been good to me. I fell into it hoping that it would supplement my income as I studied for the theater. It soon came to be most time consuming working for magazines such as *Seventeen*, *Glamour*, etc. and traveling all over the world on assignments. I took a year to live in Europe where I worked as a photographic model in Paris and London. While I was in Paris I was given my first acting role in a Universal film that was shot there.

After returning to New York I started making TV commercials, which is a very lucrative field indeed. The theater, which has always been my first love, once again became most important to me. I was lucky to be chosen to do a Broadway show with Theodore Bikel and Lico. We didn't last long on Broadway, but it was a fantastic experience anyway. The show led to acting roles on TV in *Mr. Broadway* with Craig Stevens, *Stage 67* and *Coliseum*. This summer I toured with Cesar Romero doing the ingenue lead in a play entitled *The Seven Deadly Arts*.

I feel that my field is perhaps one of the most competitive fields, and is highly over-crowded. For every working actress

NEWS

there are fifty non-working ones, and I think I have been very lucky. I've worked and studied very hard and it has been very rewarding.

Today, you cannot simply be a dancer or a singer or an actress. You are called upon to be all three! And to be a success you must *excel* in all three talents. Your temperament must be solid and your backbone very strong. Your life is filled with auditions and meeting new people. You must prove to these directors and producers that you are the best for their play or musical. Your personality, manner of speech, grooming and poise as well as talent must be in your favor. Having a lot of self-confidence also impresses prospective employers.

Whatever is good never comes easy. The happiness I feel whenever I am on stage, or facing a television camera is overwhelming. Even the grueling rehearsals are a pleasure for me because I truly love my work. This is perhaps the most important pre-requisite: you must be absolutely in love with show business."

Elaine Giftos

Al: Tee the golf ball.

Joe, the beginner: Sure, I see it, but why the baby talk?

Teacher: Why are you late?

Joyce: Class started before I got here.

Janice: I can't get into my saddle shoes.

Kathy: What! Feet swelled, too?

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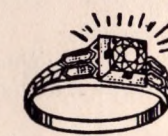
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Mrs. Mary Munger Luke, a 1937 graduate of P.H.S., is the author of the full-length biography of the first wife of Henry VIII, *Catherine the Queen*.

"After I graduated, I worked in Pittsfield at the Town Hall for a couple of years and I arrived in N.Y.C. on Pearl Harbor Day in 1941. While in N. Y., I worked for a firm which made oil tool equipment and from there I went to work for a film company which made documentary training films. It was very interesting and, pursuing that business, I went to Hollywood where I became secretary to the treasurer of the RKO Pictures Corporation, and later worked for Hunt Stromberg, an independent producer. Returning to N. Y., I continued as a secretary for an advertising executive until I was married in 1948.

I have always dabbled in writing—I took courses at N. Y. University and at Columbia University—but had done nothing professional although I found a lot of non-professional work in writing in several organizations here in the small town where I live—this was writing for such organizations as the Red Cross, the local library, and any number of other charity or philanthropic organizations. In 1963, I became terribly interested in the story of Catherine of Aragon—mainly because I have always loved history, particularly the Tudor period. After I had found how little had been written about this woman, I decided to write an article about her but, as I progressed in the story I realized how futile it would be to try and compress such a story into an article. It was then I tried to see what could be done as a book. Surprisingly, it was not terribly difficult; I think all the writing I had been doing

over the years in village organizations had kept me from becoming rusty. After I had done 2 or 3 chapters, I found I was hooked and had to finish the story. It took about 2 years, although I didn't work at it as steadily as I will work at writing in the future, mainly because I really didn't have to, and I didn't know whether anyone would ever be interested in publishing it or not. When I was finished, I went to England to visit many places where Catherine had lived and toured England in general; it was a fascinating experience seeing the places I'd written about and the book stood up surprisingly well.

After I returned, I secured an agent and cut some of the book on her advice. It was then presented to Coward McCann who purchased it at once about a year ago last September. It has taken a year to produce it, for there was a bit of re-writing, editing, securing of the pictures, making up the bibliography, etc. all of which takes time. But I've enjoyed every minute of it.

At the moment, I'm helping with the promotion of the book. Autographing my book in England Brothers was only one publicity stint. I've done several school Book Fairs, and Book & Author lunches, but, after the holidays, I hope to get to work on my next, *A Crown For Elizabeth: The Story of the Young Tudors*. Publication date: 1970!

In the meantime, *Catherine, The Queen* will be published in England next year by Frederick Muller & Co.

I remember P.H.S. with great fondness and I think the curriculum and teachers we had gave me a great foundation for the positions I've held over the years and for the writing of my book."

Mary M. Luke

Frank M. Staro

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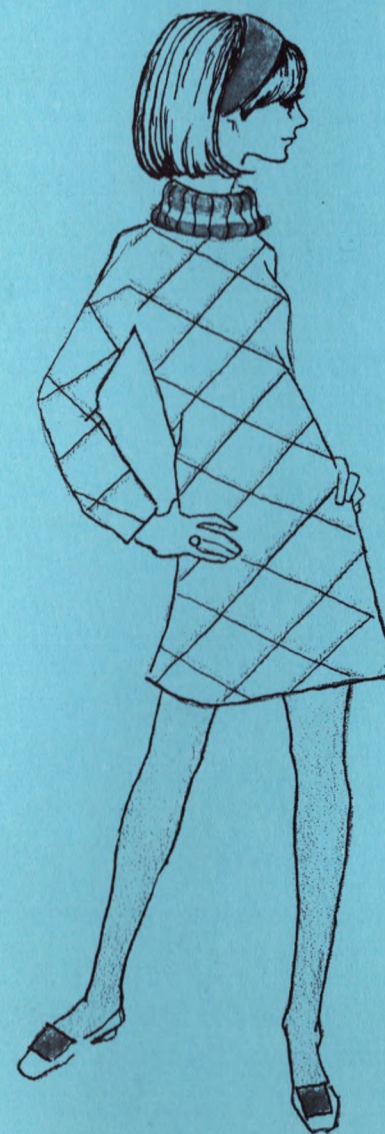
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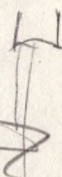
When you go chasing rabbits and you know you're going to fall; Tell a hookah-smoking caterpillar that has given you the call; Go ask Alice when she was just small.

When the men on the chessboard get ~~out~~ ^{up} and tell you where to go and you just had some kind of mushroom and your mind is moving low. go ask Alice I think she'll know - when logic and proportion have fallen softly dead and ~~rem~~ the white knight's talking backwards and the red queens off her head remember, what the dormouse said, feed your head - feed your head.



Bun. Words for
White Rabbit.

Save them
over ! ! ! !



Beek,

It happened! We've got
guys our age working with
us & the cutest one asked me
out. Pretty girls like him, too
but he asked me out. I
love it here.

Write

Not

P.P.S.

I went out
with him.
Great time!

Down.

heee

